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SCHULTZ IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Beppo Schulte, boulevardier, mounteur, connoisseur, sportsman, bon vivant, had fellow well met—in short, typical American college man—smokes today's new Marlboros.

"Why do you smoke today's new Marlboros, boy?" a friend recently asked Beppo Schulte.

"I smoke today's new Marlboros," replied Beppo, looking up from his 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car, "because they are new."

"New?" said the friend. "What do you mean—new?"

"I mean the flavor's great, the filter's improved, the cigarette is designed for today's easier, breezier living," said Beppo.

"Like this 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked the friend.

"Exactly," said Beppo.

"She's a beauty," said the friend, looking admiringly at the car. "How long have you had her?"

"It's a male," said Beppo.

"Sorry," said the friend. "How long have you had him?"

"About a year," said Beppo.

"Have you done a lot of work on him?" asked the friend.

"Oh, have I not?" cried Beppo. "I have replaced the pushrod with a Roots type supercharger. I have replaced the torque with a synchronesh. I have replaced the tachometer with a double side draft carburetor."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the hood with a bonnet," said Beppo.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the friend.

"And I have put gloves in the glove

compartment," said Beppo.

"My, you have been the busy one," said the friend. "You must be exhausted."

"Maybe a trifle," said Beppo, with a brave little smile.

"Know what I do when I'm tired?" said the friend.

"Light a Marlboro?" ventured Beppo.

"Oh, pshaw, you guessed!" said the friend, panting.

"But it was easy," said Beppo, chuckling kindly. "When the eyelids drop and the musculature sags and the psyche is depleted, what is more natural than to perk up with today's new Marlboro?"

"A great new smoke with better 'makin's' and a great new filter!" proclaimed the friend, his young eyes glinting.

"Changed to keep pace with today's changing world!" declared Beppo, whirling his arms in concentric circles. "A cigarette for a sunnier age, an age of greater leisure and more beckoning horizons!"

Now, tired but happy, Beppo and his friend lit Marlboros and smoked for a time in deep, silent contentment. At length the friend spoke. "He certainly is a beauty," he said.



"It's a male" and Beppo.

"You mean my 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked Beppo.

"Yes," said the friend. "How fast will he go?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," said Beppo. "I can't find the starter."

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If you're sticking with the good old non-filter cigarette, you can't do better than Philip Morris—a solid, rich, tasty smoke, made by the people who make Marlboros.



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